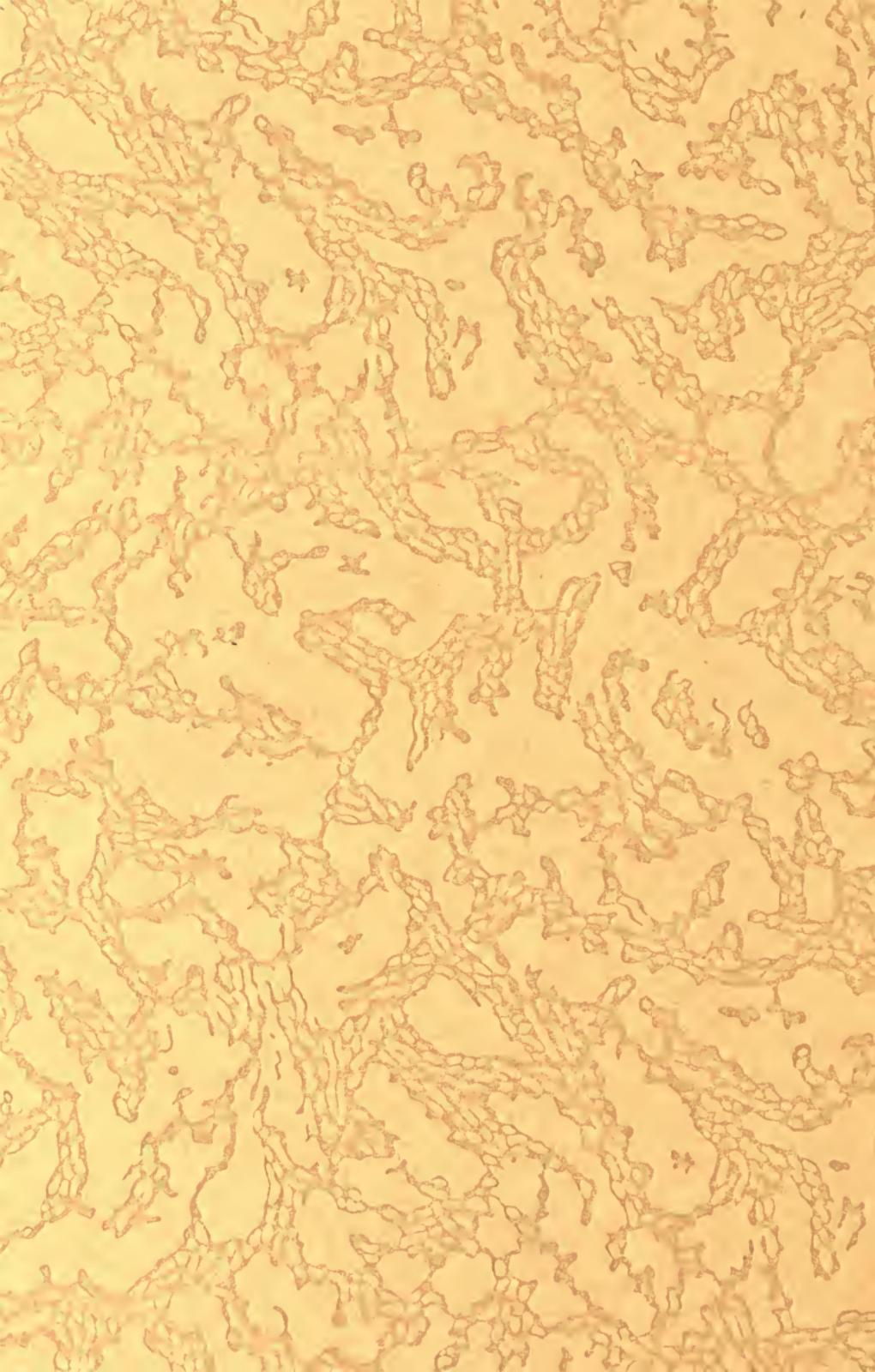


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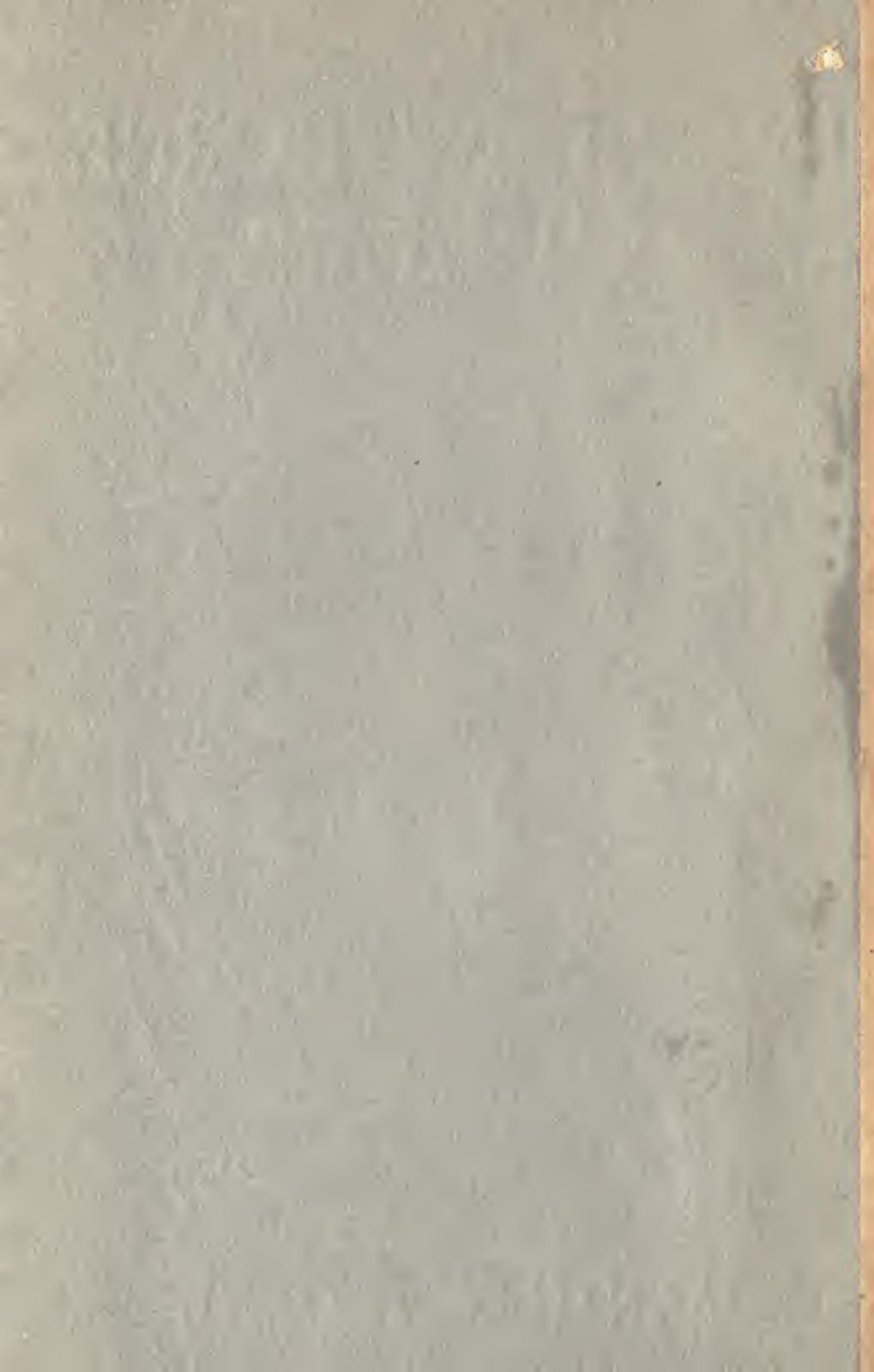




JULIAN HAWTHORNE *and* COMPANY



JULIAN HAWTHORNE



Julian Hawthorne & Company

OPPORTUNITY

Every member of the great Firm of Solomon, Columbus, Rhodes & Company owns a private memorandum-book.

No other eyes than his own have ever read, or will read it. For it was never printed,—never written even; and he carries it in the inside pocket of his mind.

It contains three chapters, or divisions.

The First Chapter is entitled, "TOIL."

The Third, "FAME."

But the title written at the head of the Second and most interesting part of all, is—"OPPORTUNITY."

Sometimes the pages of the First Part are very few.

Sometimes they occupy half or three quarters of the whole volume.

Once in a while, they cover all but the very last page. In that case, "OPPORTUNITY" and "FAME" are inscribed side by side.

But somewhere, ~~soon or late~~, in the private mem-

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orandum-book of the members of the Firm of Solomon, Columbus, Rhodes & Company, will be found that wonderful word,—the word which carries more meaning and more mystery than any other in human language,—“OPPORTUNITY.”

To no two men, since the world began, has this goddess Opportunity appeared in the same guise. Infinite is the variety of her aspect. Yet, in spirit and in significance, invariably is she the same for all.

She comes to the man, and knocks at his door.

Sometimes the man is indolent or inattentive, and does not open to her.

Sometimes he is a fool or a rascal, and even when she faces him, he fails to recognize her. Folly or rascality have bleared his eyesight.

But no member of the great Firm ever failed to open when she knocked, or to know her when he set eyes on her.

Success, power and use are in her hand, as gifts for him; and he follows her from his own humble doorway to the gates of Fame.

There, the World (till now his tyrant, now his slave) greets him with acclamations, and paves his further way with honors and with gold.

But it is apt to mutter, out of the corner of its mouth, after he has passed,—

“Did ever anybody see such hog-luck as that fellow had!”

But the members of the Firm nod quietly to one another, and say nothing.

They understand!

WHERE MOST IS LEAST

The heaviest metals, where there is most of them, weigh nothing at all.

The most powerful of forces, at the point toward which its energy converges, is powerless.

These two facts are corollaries of each other.

The most powerful force in Nature is Gravitation.

It drags all material substances toward the centre of the planet.

Those substances are heaviest on which this drag is strongest.

Gold and silver are—with rare exceptions—heaviest.

And they weigh most, of course, where the earth's crust is thickest.

From the surface to the centre of the earth is about 3958 miles.

At 2000 miles from the centre, gold weighs half as much as on the equator.

At the centre it has no weight whatever.

But is there gold and silver at the earth's centre?

Naturally, since the drag on them is strongest.

They exist everywhere—even in our bodies, and the atmosphere.

But everywhere except in the central reservoir, their amount is infinitesimal—relatively speaking.

Like all else in nature, gold and silver were originally gases.

The whole solid earth may be regarded as a ball of frozen gases.

If you ever put your finger in molten gold or silver, you know they felt hot.

As gases, they would be much hotter.

Now, pressure on anything near the earth's centre almost passes calculation.

It may be enough to press gaseous metals into solids.

At any rate, they would press back just as hard, in the effort to be gases again.

This return-pressure accounts for the presence of metals in the crust of the earth.

For the crust is full of holes, crevices, fissures, "faults," through which, desperately pushing, the gases in the centre can find exit.

Up they rush; but, after breathing the cool air above ground for a while, they assume the condition in which we can handle them without burning our fingers.

We dig them out of the rocks in which they are embedded—"mine" them, as we say.

An artesian well to the earth's centre would be the ideal gold and silver mine.

Up would rush the long-imprisoned genii of wealth, with a roar heard in the moon, and would spread in stupendous floods over the surface,—a flood hundreds of miles thick, and thousands in area.

But, just as at the centre they weigh nothing, so, if all on the surface, they would be worth nothing.

They would be cheap as sea-sand or conservatism in business.

Let us not dig that artesian well; the pecuniary problem is bad enough as it is.

The last great eruptions of gold and silver occurred, probably, before man himself appeared in our midst.

But it is always a guessing contest where they exist in commercial quantities.

One of the first-found places was—as we know—Ophir.

One of the last was Alaska.

But the latest of all—which nobody had heard of five years ago—is nearer home.

The name of that place is Northern Ontario.

THE FRUIT OF THE DESERT

Odd!—that precious metals and stones are found in greatest profusion where human populations are scarcest, or non-existent.

Deserts in Asia; deserts in Africa; in America, deserts and wildernesses. In South America they are entrenched in stupendous mountain fastnesses, or guarded by terrific heats.

In Alaska, coldness not less terrific watches over them.

Northern Ontario is not so bad.

A day and a half in a Pullman will take you to the midst of it.

In winter, the cold is severe enough, and snow lies from November till May.

But the air, winter and summer, is like distillation of diamond; and the climate from July to Thanksgiving equals the best of California.

Still, men cannot derive subsistence there from the earth around them.

It is a magnificent wilderness, with a surface so rough and soil so thin that agriculture (over the greater part of it) quits without entering the ring.

But O the hunting and fishing!—the furs and the trout!

And O the jaded, flabby-muscled business-men who go up to rough it with French Canadian or Indian guides,—and return in a month or two fit to run a Marathon or eat an ox!

To discover the silver took a long time. But, long years ago, there was found there something without which silver and gold are a mockery,—the Elixir of Life.

Farmers, however, knew that wheat, corn, cabbages, garden-sass and milk could be more profitably raised elsewhere.

Had they suspected what immeasurable wealth would have been disclosed by a few strokes of the pick,—they would have forgotten they were ever farmers.

Had fishermen dreamed that the diabase cliff whence they cast their lines in the lake harbored veins of pure silver worth thousands of dollars the ton.—

the gullets of the trout would never have known the contents of the bait-boxes.

If the fur-hunters . . . Well, furs, as it is, are worth their weight in gold, and with fur-hunters turned miners, how could we keep our winter wives looking like human menageries?—as they insist on doing.

At all events, hunters, fishermen, farmers and business-men know the truth now; and the rush of treasure seekers into Northern Ontario has become one of the great spectacles of the world.

Government railroad builders, working day and night, can no more keep abreast of that rush than could the Tortoise with the Hare—and the Hare is taking no naps either.

Railroads however are building, water-traffic is organizing, towns are sprouting as if house-seed had been sown broadcast and intensively fertilized; the Forest Primeval is being chopped down or burned up; and the new population is making itself at home.

Would you like to take a look at it?

THE TWO TITANS

I would like to describe it, but I doubt my ability.

It is easy to picture the look of the country,—range beyond range of boundless rocky ridges, as if harrowed by some Titan with his titanic harrow.

Between those low ridges he cleft out, with his hatchet, lakes, narrow, deep and winding, like twist-

ings of 'an endless serpent, gleaming white and blue in the sun, alive with myriads of fish.

He clothed the jagged rock with trees tall as church steeples, slender, crowded as hair-brush bristles; tamarac, birch, poplar, pine, shaggy with all shades of green. Mid-leg deep they stand amid the chaotic debris of their decayed progenitors.

Having got his forest, our Titan peopled it with moose, caribou, deer, bear, mink and fox, eagle and heron, to breed there and fight and be happy.

Then he stalked away toward the North Pole with league-long strides; and of course we don't believe there ever was such a person.

After tens of thousands of summers and snows, red-skinned savages appeared in the solitudes. But they were kin of the forest and of the beasts and birds, and their presence only made the wilderness yet wilder.

And except for a few French Canadian trappers, it has stayed unaltered down to the day when the child now five years old was born.

I might describe this; but what I really seek to convey would be still untouched.

Nor would it help much to depict those thronging thousands of all nations now swarming pell-mell thither, driving beast and bird before them, chopping out trails and clearings; creating huts, shanties, towns; erecting "plants;" delving raw holes into the rock; toiling, scheming; sweating in the suns, freezing in the frosts; tearing bright silver from the bowels of the earth; forcing incongruous oases of premature

civilization into the silences undisturbed since Creation.

Interesting and picturesque; yet not the thing I would set before you.

Not what one sees there, but what one feels, would I portray.

That contagion, strange, irresistible, unique, which seizes and dominates the disordered mass of human creatures;—the spirit that unites the many into one—into a Titan mightier than he who harrowed the naked rock a million years ago.

The invincible impulse that has always driven men to brave all perils, sustain all hardships, overcome all obstacles in the search for precious metals.

Before Solomon's time that spirit was despotic; in Northern Ontario to-day it is as imperious as ever.

A wonderful—an appalling spirit; but to know it, you must feel it; it cannot be told.

THE SILVER MEASLES

All hurricanes, in novels, begin with a cloud on the horizon “no bigger than a man's hand.”

Mining in Northern Ontario began on the same trivial scale.

The yarn has been spun so variously that none now knows what really happened.

But, any how, a railroad hand named La Rose did stumble on a white, shining substance in a railroad cutting.

He tried to pick it up, but couldn't; because it was anchored to hundreds of thousands of tons of the same stuff, now being hoisted out by his inheritors.

Native, virgin silver, in place, is what he found. Had he—as he might have—staked out all Coleman township, he would have rivalled Rockefeller by now.

But he sold for \$25,000 a mine which, with others nearby, will this year market about \$40,000,000 worth of silver.

What is Cobalt?

A silver button on the vast waistcoat of Northern Ontario.

Scornful savants pronounced it a freak—a surface deposit—somebody had lost it through a hole in his pocket while on his way to market.

The button was four miles across.

The area of Ontario is 220,000 square miles.

But the savants said Cobalt was the whole show, and there wasn't enough of that to repay car-fare from New York.

When Opportunity knocked at La Rose's door, he let her go for a sum about equal, to-day, to twelve hours output of the La Rose mine.

A good fellow, and served a great use; but not a member of Solomon, Columbus, Rhodes & Co.

But Opportunity was not through with Northern Ontario by a great deal.

The silver button showed roots thousands of feet deep.

And prospectors who (defying oracles) had slunk away shamefacedly to prospect, came back wild-eyed,

reporting more buttons in James Township, fifty miles north.

Next rushed in others from South Lorraine; more silver down there!

Then a silver trumpet peal from Gow Ganda—outlandish name!—far to the north and west.

(Some mad wag tried to say that sauce for the Cobalt Goose could be found in the Gow Ganda; but before he got the apothegm in shape, he died.)

Meanwhile other silver buttons—a metallic measles—broke out on all sides, and the eruption still spreads.

For when Nature deals with a continent, she deals on a continental scale.

Not in buttons, but in range beyond range for hundreds of miles the earth is barred and grilled with silver, inexhaustible, of unequalled richness.

The cloud no bigger than a man's hand now spreads over 15° of latitude and 10° of longitude.

In thousands of places we can point to where silver is; in few, can assert it is not.

Veins are from half an inch to fifty inches wide; they assay now \$1000 the ton, now \$10,000.

Here they begin on the surface; there, 300 feet below. Some of the richest mines have made their strikes at the greatest depths,—and others, right under the moss and leaves that they brushed away with their fingers.

You can never tell—but keep at it!

In Northern Ontario is the future of the world's silver supply; for there it is—

Found most abundantly,
Mined most easily, and
Transported most cheaply.

Opportunity has come to live in Northern Ontario.

Were she to knock at your door, would you open to her?

FIRST LOVE IS BEST.

It is just a year ago at this writing that Opportunity knocked at my door. Having arrived at years of discretion, I didn't open it,—I pulled it off its hinges.

My father was a writer.

He had me educated for civil engineering and mining.

“Whatever else you do,” said he to me, more than once, “don't try to make a living by authorship!”

For a couple of years, in New York, I practised engineering at a small salary. I didn't need to be warned against authorship—nothing was further from my intentions.

But, during an interval between engineering jobs, I was betrayed into writing a story for a magazine. It seemed easy money, and I wrote others.

The interval between engineering jobs lasted just forty years.

After forty years, I took account of stock.

I found that I was still unable to live on the interest on my principal.

I reflected that a man grows old, and incapable of work; and then—unless he can live on the interest of his principal, he is likely to live on other folks.

I began to wish I had stuck to engineering.

But it was rather late to begin thinking about that.

However, as I said, beyond my expectation or deserts, Opportunity came to me, and she wore the guise of my own old profession.

In her hand she held—not a silver mine, but—a very modest and strictly limited mining development proposition.

It was in a hitherto untried district of Northern Ontario. No one but the discoverer of it believed that there could be anything in it.

I knew him; he was a college classmate of mine, and a man of scientific training.

I had heard of Cobalt Camp, and of sensational silver finds there. But I had taken them to be humorous exaggerations by fishermen tired of spinning fish-yarns, and trying their hands at less hackneyed subjects.

I went up there; saw the producing mines of Cobalt; and then spent a few weeks investigating his own little project.

Before I left, I had cast in my lot with him; I had accepted the gift of Opportunity; I had joined—in a small way—the Firm of Solomon, Columbus, Rhodes & Company.

WHY MUCH NEEDS MORE

How we fought our battle, and how the field of conflict extended, need not concern us here.

We were few, but we pulled together well; we kept our heads level, our courage warm, and our conscience clean.

All of our own that we possessed, we put into the game; for such funds as we could not ourselves supply, we appealed to the public; they gave them, and we invested them.

As a result, we found ourselves credited with practical experience in the field; with square dealings in the office; and with something better than an interest merely selfish in what we are yet to do.

For we are embarked in a new enterprise, and a very great one.

So far as I know, no greater in mining history was ever before handled by a single group of operators.

It means more than individual gain; it means the development of a mighty industry.

—But is not individual gain the end of business?

That question was put, the other day, to the late Mr. Harriman.

His answer was to this effect:—

“So far as I have ability and power, I like to do things, to make things, to direct things. My only use for money is to help me work. I can't sit doing nothing, while anything that I understand needs doing.”

That was Harriman's feeling about it; and every true member of the great Firm feels the same way.

The World-builder's only use for money is productive investment.

Were all World industries rationally and co-operatively organized, "swollen private fortunes" would cease.

But we are not yet wholly rational and co-operative; consequently, ignorance and disorder check investment, and rich men are pilloried as "malefactors of great wealth."

Be that as it may. Leaders of Industry can't—just because they are wealthy—quit their jobs; because the interests of thousands of other people are involved in their holding on to them.

Their swollen fortunes are not their fault, but are due to economic confusion.

If you have nothing better to do, you may abuse them for being—sinners like yourself!

But abusing them for having more money than you, is irrational.

You would be more wisely employed fitting yourself to stand in their shoes.

Listen, then, to what follows.

AN INSPIRATION AND A REPORT

More than thirty years ago, the Government at Toronto had an inspiration.

Real Estate in abundance up in Northern Ontario; but it wasn't working.

Farmers shook their heads at it; house-agents turned their backs on it.

So the Government, being inspired, said,—

“Suppose there were gold in it!”

In the 1870's, the name of the Government Engineer was Nevins.

Pursuant to instructions received, Nevins “ran a line” from the Lakes to Hudson's Bay.

Two long years was he at it; and turned out a workmanlike job.

His Report had hundreds of pages of description, comment, analysis, tables, maps, cross-sections, summaries, assays,—everything that should be in the Report of a competent and conscientious civil and mining engineer.

One thing, though, it did not contain,—

Any mention of gold—for he found none.

The Government shrugged its shoulders, dropped the Report in a pigeon-hole, and forgot all about it.

As for silver, nobody had ever thought of such a thing.

Now, when an Indian sees certain marks in the forest, he grunts to himself,—“Bear,” or “Moose,” as the case may be.

When a tramp, passing a farm-house, smells an aroma of Paradise, he cries,—“Corned-beef and Cabbage!”

When a man playing pinochle in the back parlor of the Wayside Inn hears outside an unrelenting female voice, he mutters "My Wife!"

All three, as a rule, are right.

The expert, in short, seeing, hearing or smelling certain things, knows that certain other things are not far off.

An expert on a subject is one who has had adequate experience of it.

But in the 1870's, Nevins nor anybody else was an expert on the conditions attending (in Northern Ontario) the presence of silver ore.

To-day, every tyro, seeing diabase with conglomerate, and finding cobalt-bloom, smaltite, nicollite, copper and a few other things in certain positions and combinations, instantly knows that he is in the near neighborhood of silver.

Those signs are to him what, to the tramp, the Indian and the Man, are corned-beef, moose and bear, and the voice of his wife, respectively.

For it has been proved thousands of times over.

And if Nevins, in the 1870's, had known what we all know in 1909, that Report would never have been dropped into a pigeon-hole.

THE INCUMBENT'S PROBLEM

In thirty or forty years, governments change, people die, and reports get dusty.

Nevertheless, after the Cobalt finds, somebody in the Toronto Office of Mines did happen to say to himself,—

"Didn't somebody, back in the last century, run a line somewhere?"

He searched the pigeon-holes, and he found Nevins' Report.

In that Report, the competent and conscientious Nevins had entered all geologic and mineralogic facts that he had found, whether or not they seemed of economic value.

He consequently described mineralogic and geologic facts which meant (though he nor any one else then knew it), the presence of enormous and extensive silver deposits.

The Report which the Government had neglected was the most precious Book in their Library.

And the inquisitive Incumbent of the Office of Mines held in his hands the potentiality of countless millions of dollars.

One of the districts in the vicinity of which Nevins' line ran, was Gow Ganda.

In his description, he mentioned and located signs now known to mean silver.

But hitherto, prospectors knew not Gow Ganda nor its hidden treasure.

—Nobody, that is, except the Incumbent of the Office of Mines.

And even he, though Opportunity had knocked so loud at his door, didn't exactly see how he was to turn her visit to account.

Before he had solved that problem, news came that silver had been found in Gow Ganda.

He said, "Pshaw!" but continued to study the Report.

And presently he found mention of a region covering thousands of square miles, west of Gow Ganda, where, also, silver deposits were indicated.

Nevins had been right in the Gow Ganda district; dollars to doughnuts then, that he was right about Welcome Lake and Shining Tree Lake.

The Incumbent stalked about his Office with thoughtful brow.

A New York mining man, developing some James township properties, happened into the Office about this juncture.

He knew the Incumbent, and they lunched and chatted together.

"Big doings in Gow Ganda!" remarked the New York man.

"I knew there was silver there before they found it," returned the Incumbent.

"Have you any more of that brand of knowledge about your clothes?"

"I have!" replied the Incumbent.

"Any look-in to get a piece of it?"

"Well, I've been looking for a man I could trust with it, and I think you'll do." was the answer; and with that, the Incumbent reached for Nevins' Report, and the two went into executive session.

The point of this story is, that the New York man was a director in the Company of which I happen to be President.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF NEVINS' GHOST

The upshot of the executive session was, that we obtained exclusive possession (for a proper business consideration) of the information contained in Nevins' Report.

That was our great Opportunity; and we took advantage of it.

So long as we might be able to keep the thing to ourselves, we could take the Report in our hand, and, referring to Nevins' guide-posts and specifications, stake out whatever we liked of a silver-bearing region covering many thousands of square miles.

Probably no other mining chance of such value and extent had ever before been placed at the disposal of a single group of operators.

We lost no time.

It was the dead of winter. Snow lay four and five feet deep on the level, and the temperature sank to thirty below zero.

So much the better; there was less risk of the argus-eyed prospector suspecting and following us.

We organized several gangs, under experienced foremen. As quietly and secretly as possible, they slipped away, on their snow-shoes, from Elk Lake and Gow Ganda, and rendezvoused in the white desolation of the frozen forest.

The tops of the guide-posts of the competent and conscientious Nevins appeared above the snow; and our men got their bearings and set to work.

Occasionally, despite all precautions, they were tracked and interrogated by the argus-eyed prospectors.

At such times, they appeared to be harmlessly measuring timber for the Government.

Before the snow melted, and before anybody knew what was doing, our gangs had staked out, in various parcels, no less than Six Thousand Acres of the most promising silver-bearing land in Northern Ontario.

Were all the claims recorded for us strung out in a line, we could walk thirty-five miles on our own territory.

One hundred and fifty mining claims of forty acres each.

The smallest average capitalization of Cobalt claims is \$1,000,000 each.

What a chance for a stock speculator!

I don't know whether the conscientious and competent Nevins be dead or alive; but if dead, I think I know where his ghost must have been last winter!

Our business, however, is not stock-jobbing; but systematic and normal development of the greatest mining country in the world.

We are in no hurry to make swollen fortunes for ourselves.

But we are in a position to make immense profits for many thousands of people, at a cost to

them practically nominal; and, as you will see in a moment, we are taking very effective measures to accomplish just that thing.

It is on the next page.

WHAT IT ALL AMOUNTS TO

—Now let the men reach under the seats for their hats, and the women get their wraps ready; the lecturer is about to make his bow, and to thank you for your faithful attendance at the Course.

I have aimed to show you that a business man need not be an electrified mummy, or a two-legged ledger, or a soulless machine.

Business is a very living thing; it strikes its roots deep into history, philosophy and human nature.

Imagination is the breath of its nostrils. Every important advance in business methods and achievements has been due, not to a slavish following of traditions, but to a comprehensive grasp of conditions, and to wise and courageous handling of them,—in other words, to the exercise of creative imagination.

With imagination, as factors of success, go independence, and clear thinking,—freedom from the shackles of old errors, and insight through the surface shows of things into their real quality and relations.

Furthermore, I reminded you of the inevitable element of uncertainty in human affairs and enterprises; and that, if we would move the world, we

must accept the risk of being crushed in our effort. Nothing was ever got for nothing; and we must be gamblers enough to stand the hazard of the die.

And I arrayed before you the great gamblers and world-movers,—Solomon, Columbus, Rhodes, and the mighty Company of their fraternity, living and dead, who have made the world what it is now, and are making it what it will be tomorrow.

Then I threw upon the screen, for a moment, that vitascope of Northern Ontario,—the Wilderness, the Multitude, and the Treasure,—as an intimation that we have not been journeying all this way with no more substantial purpose than an hour's amusement, and the illustration of a handful of abstract truths.

There are all kinds of prospectuses—from the cold marshalling of facts and figures, to hectic and falsetto proclamations of "the Chance of a Lifetime."

My aim has been to induce you to live yourselves into a realization of the conditions underlying and surrounding all great industrial enterprises, to recognize the vital warmth, color and logic of them; and thus to pave your way to the consideration of the technical statements and reports of men of established business and professional standing, concerning the particular enterprise which my colleagues and I have in hand.

In a day or two you will find in your mail-box the document outlining these reports; and if you have faith in the goddess Opportunity, you will be careful not to let the document get into the waste-paper basket.

Now, one word from Cecil Rhodes, and then the organ may play the Recessional.

THE WORD OF THE MAN WHO KNEW

This great figure has been presented to you in a former address.

I will recall, now, a statement made by him before the British Parliamentary Committee, before which he was summoned to give an account of his stewardship of South Africa.

As his habit was, he supported his statement with statistics placing it beyond the scope of criticism.

"Of all forms of human industry," he said, "the profits from mining are the safest and most certain, and also by far the largest.

"More wealth in diamonds, gold and silver comes every year out of the earth, than is annually earned by human activities pursued in any other direction."

Possibly some of you may not, till now, have been aware of this fact.

Possibly you had imagined that, of all businesses, mining was the most precarious.

Ponder, then, a truth uttered by a man who, better than any one else, knew its soundness, and had by his own achievements proved it to the hilt.

On the safety and profits of mining, there is no authority higher than that of CECIL RHODES.

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